

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BRITAIN'S BETTER RAIL PLAN READY



Look Who's Boss Now,
L/S Edward Davies

Ron Richards' Shop Talk Alt for Norge!

MISS GRACE Griener, school-mistress, of Bradford-on-Avon, writes:-

"H.M. Norwegian Submarine 'Ula' has been adopted, since its launching, jointly by the members of Bradford-on-Avon Girls' Club and the children and staff of the Junior Council School.

"Pictures and models of submarines are very popular as decoration in the school, and 'our submarine' figures very prominently in school prayers and conversation.

"As the children range in age from three years to eleven years, there are some very original and unorthodox ideas of submarines as far as the babies are concerned, but the 'big boys' are very knowledgeable and extremely enthusiastic. The top three classes have each adopted their own man, and it won't be their fault if he isn't killed by kindness! Each girl in the club has taken a man in charge—the girls are about eighteen years old and a very attractive crowd.

"There was great activity at Christmas. For weeks beforehand ingredients for Christmas cakes had been collected, and a most unwelcome-looking consignment, some iced and suitably inscribed, was finally sent, and reached the boat in time for Christmas.

"Shops in the district were combed for suitable Christmas presents, and the fruits of three months' knitting (chiefly by mothers!) were sent off with them. Photographs of the Girls' Club were included in the Christmas parcels, and are now hung in the submarine—the girls think they have brought Helen of Troy up-to-date: 'Are these the faces that launched a thousand torpedoes?'"

"ULA'S' company presented much-treasured flags to the club, which were much appreciated, and will be treasured for many years as mementoes of an interesting friendship.

"Many letters and individual photographs are exchanged, and several officers and men have spent part of their leave visiting their godmothers; Olaf and Gudmund have been several times.

"Two of the officers, who were taken on a sight-seeing tour of the town and neighbourhood by moonlight, will remember the historic Tithe Barn and the hands that helped

them over the uneven floor; the Captain fell a victim to the over-enthusiastic welcome accorded him by the children in the playground, and being unable to 'retreat according to plan,' was rescued with great difficulty.

"Talking of the Captain, the girls, wishing to present him with a sheepskin jerkin made by a local craftsman (coupons generously donated anonymously!), wired him for his chest measurement. As he is definitely outside, the wire was presumably taken as an unkind joke, with the result that the size had perforce to be guessed by the harassed club leader, in order to obtain delivery by Christmas. The Captain says it is a good fit, but the girls would like to see it on!"



ASSURANCE that the children of submariners in Dagenham and district are being taken care of socially is given by the secretary of the local

AT Buckingham Palace I had the honour of meeting the bereaved relatives of the crew of H.M. Submarine 'Turbulent.'

"Turbulent," commanded by Commander John Linton, R.N., was lost last December.

Fourteen-year-old William Linton, in the blue uniform of Dartmouth Royal Naval College, received from the King the Victoria Cross and the D.S.O. won by his father. With him and his mother was eleven-year-old James Linton.

Mrs. Linton, who took William on to the Royal dais of the Grand Hall, said that the King had told her how much he admired the bravery shown by her husband.

Besides Commander Linton's V.C. and D.S.O., two D.S.C.s, one D.S.M. and bar, and 13 other D.S.M.s won by members of 'Turbulent's' crew, were given by the King to their relatives.

It was a sad and proud ceremony for those who had lost dear ones and for those of us who were onlookers.



branch, Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association.

Parties, fetes and picnics are but a few of the regular treats enjoyed by the kiddies. Headquarters of the Association claim that spirit to be county-wide.



IN a model submarine used for the production of the pictures, 'Close Quarters' and 'We Dive At Dawn,' made by Crown Films, recruits are now being trained for active service.

The submarine, which is housed in a large corrugated-iron-roofed shed at a North-East Coast naval base and bears the name H.M.S. 'Tyrant,' is a true-to-life model of a boat of that class.

The numerous dummy controls seen on thousands of cinema screen and once operated by famous film stars, now serve the purpose of introducing training to a life more thrilling than any film in which 'Tyrant' has figured.

"When the submarine arrived at our base it was loaded into ten railway wagons, and consisted of over 150,000 pieces," I was told.

"As a means of introducing trainees to the Submarine Service the model is a valuable piece of naval equipment."

AN experimental submarine, which sank when it was launched in 1898, has been located, according to the 'Rocky Mountain News.'

The submarine was launched in a mountain lake 9,000 feet above sea-level. The nose of the craft, submerged for almost half a century, was located through a hole cut in 14 inches of ice in Missouri Lake, and the submarine was brought to the surface with chain tackle.

Ron Richards

IN the days before the war, when people used to plan their holidays many months ahead, it became a popular practice to travel by motor coach or car. The railways, that for many years had studied the needs of holiday-makers, began to lose their hold, and experts began to study the position and find out why this situation had arisen.

It was not difficult to find.

Passengers did not enjoy long hours of sitting in a crowded train with little to do but read, and when the war has been won, and people once more begin to think about their holidays, they will discover that the brains behind the iron road have not been idle in their absence.

Already great plans are afoot to make Britain's post-war trains the finest in the world. As we all know, our engines cannot be bettered. Under the present suggestions, it is quite possible that trains with cocktail bars and cinemas, and radios in every coach, will become a reality instead of a dream.

A well-known railway executive recently stated: "The railway companies are already examining designs for coaches looking like drawing-rooms, with massive easy chairs. The aim of the railways, you see, is to make everyone as comfortable as possible."

This is very good news, for the railways, because of Britain's size, will always cater for most long-distance passengers, although post-war civil aviation will have an appeal for many.

In the past it has been said that the railway trains did not cater enough for the holiday-maker during the summer season. If present plans go through, however, the post-war seeker of a new and refreshing holiday will find that the railways offer something new and original.

Direct trains to holiday camps, and round tours by trains to beauty spots at which travellers may break their journey for as long as they wish, with time-tables designed for their convenience, are also being planned.

There are many who would like to see put into operation a luxury train that would offer all the facilities of a hotel and go from one beauty spot to another. I understand that there are many interested in such a project, and it has been suggested that cinemas could be installed upon trains so that passengers, in the evening, after an enjoyable day, and a good dinner, could sample the latest films.

The great developments that will take place in railway travel in the post-war era will offer to us all wonderful opportunities of travel. For example, it is quite possible

NO doubt you were boss man at 32 Jersey Road, Lamp-ton, Hounslow, Leading Stoker Davies—but you won't be any more. The young Mr. Davies is most definitely ruler of that roost. He's only just old enough to potter around from room to room, but he certainly knows his way around.

Here's some flattery for you, Edward—your wife says the baby is her ideal. "He's the perfect baby, except when he's pulling the cat's tail. In fact, he's just like his father." In looks, too, he's getting to resemble you; that full face, hair, and determined eyes are doubled in the photograph of you that hangs over the fire.

So you are another Vera Lynn and Crosby fan? That calls for a pint from this office, because we go for them, too.

And another idea we have in common is a Soho pub

that we shall be able to go to our local booking hall and buy a combined rail-air ticket to any part of the world.

And, with the great desire for travel that always follows a war, you can be sure that there would be many anxious to take advantage of such a facility.

In the past people have often complained about the dreariness of some of our railway trains. In many cases these complaints have been justified, but in the great rebuilding period after victory has been won, dreary obsolete stations, you can be sure, will be overhauled and more light given. In new districts stations will possibly be built on prefabrication lines. These, you can be certain, in keeping with the times, will have a freshness and attractiveness lacking so often in the old-time stations.

Thousands of people will want to visit Britain when the post-war periods become a reality. They will want to travel—and our railways, without doubt the best in the world, will continue to cater in the traditional manner.

But you can also be sure that the improved services that will possibly be offered will surprise most of us. As I said before, you rarely hear the British railways claiming records. They leave it to their achievements. And no one can deny, they do!

Jack Tyman

tour. Your wife is looking forward to the next time you can both go up West for an evening.

Remember Micky Tobin? He's home on a month's leave, and has called to see the family several times. News of another Mick comes from Ivy. She says her husband is well and wishes to be remembered to you.

The farmyard has grown considerably since you were home, and father is kept pretty busy with the chicks, rabbits and ducks. He had ideas about keeping pigs, but other members of the family insisted they weren't that fond of pork.

Several neighbours told us to give you their best wishes.

All at home send their fondest love. Good Hunting!



DO YOU KNOW?

Covent Garden, London's flower and fruit market, was once a convent garden owned by the abbots and monks of Westminster.

King Edward VII's Coronation established a record in coronation expenditure, costing £359,000; that of George V cost £238,238; while that of William IV cost only £50,000, it being announced that "it was the hope of the King and the Ministers to prevent a heavy burden from falling on the people."

she went over big. A singing teacher now has her in hand to develop her talent.

A FINE LEAP. A RED-FACED youth, making frantic gesticulations, raced towards the jetty as the Blyth, Northumberland, ferry was leaving.

The ferry moved off, and the youth, not to be outdone by just a little water between him and the moving boat, continued his run, and at the jetty edge made a tremendous leap to land on the ferry.

With a sigh of relief he made for a seat to regain his breath, but although his leap was a fine one, he had to appear in court and pay a fine for boarding a moving vehicle.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Home Town Roundabout

71-YEAR-OLD COUNCILLOR.

SALUTE Mrs. Elizabeth Marquise Hawkins, youngest member of Cardiff City Council, who has just been elected at 71 years old! Quite a storm has been caused by her appointment, particularly as she confesses she has not studied local government affairs and will "take some time to find my feet."

Irate ratepayers have been protesting that Mrs. Hawkins is starting to be "a city father" rather late in the day. "Not a bit of it," says the lady. "If there had been more women running the

country before the war we should not have been landed in the mess of the last five years."

Mrs. Hawkins was appointed to fill a by-election vacancy caused by the elevation of the Lord Mayor (Coun. Fred Jones, of the Central Ward) to the aldermanic bench.

DEVONPORT STAR.

AMERICANS "backed" a 13-year-old Devonport girl, Patricia Thomas, as a potential star after she had gate-crashed an Army dance.

Pat's brother, Donald, aged 16, who is an Army Cadet,

and had been acting as a guide on board a U.S. lorry detailed to fetch guests, "scrounged" an invitation for his sister, without saying how little she was!

Pat's youthfulness came as a shock, but the lorry driver took her along, and at the dance the padre, learning that she could sing, asked her to do a turn at the interval.

The Americans were so tickled at Pat's singing that they made a collection "for her musical education," raising £27 on the spot.

As a result of her gate-crash Pat has since had a public audition at an Ensa show, where

Pybus gets down to Hard Graft

PART V

The Sea-green Grocer

By Jaspar Power

LEFT alone with Pybus, the carpenter leaned forward and began to tickle the shabby grey fur of his repulsive cat, crooning monotonously to himself:

Poor old Jinnycat, Jinnycat, Jinnycat, He's as fat as a goddam razor.

He chanted this refrain to one of those rising, falling, coolie tunes which have no form, beginning, or end. The cat took no notice whatever of this invocation; but Pybus felt uncomfortable, and wished it would stop. He was greatly relieved when the Professor returned.

"We're not going in to-night, Chips," he said. "Whalebelly says there's not enough water on the bar. You'd better turn in for a few hours, for they'll want you on the windlass at daylight."

"Aye, yop," replied the carpenter, in a flat sort of tone, "perhaps it is better so. Tomorrow maybe I can get something on the beach and tell her I made it. She is not bad," he added, eagerly, "only sometimes she is angry. I have her picture here, dekkio." He plucked the brown-paper wrapping aside, and revealed the photograph of a commonplace woman, remarkable only for hard, black eyes and a pair of aggressive ear-rings. The portrait had been enlarged and coloured, and perhaps a little too much carmine applied to the cheeks, but on that particular type of face it did not seem altogether out of place.

"She is beautiful, yop!" said the carpenter, looking appealingly to the Professor. "It's not every man's luck to get a wife like that," answered the Professor heart-

ily. "Don't you agree, Queer Fella?"

"Yes," said Pybus.

The carpenter seemed grateful for this heartfelt unanimity, and reluctant to wrap the picture up again. Hogs-bottle, however, obligingly saved him the trouble, and then gingerly picked up the Jinnycat and restored it to its basket.

"Good night, Chips," he said, holding the door open invitingly. The carpenter shouldered his impedimenta and took the hint.

"That's a proper nasty cat," commented the grocer when the two were alone again. "It gives me the creeps."

"You'll like it less before you've finished with the 'Antipas,'" said Hogsbottle. "It's a most uncanny beast, and there's not a man for'ard wouldn't pitch it overboard if he got half a chance. When we fumigated last time it couldn't be found, and the old chee chee nearly went crazy. But when the carpenter's room was unsealed afterwards, there was the old Jinnycat lying on his bunk as large as life, apparently caring no more for the fumes of cyanide than a Portuguese for a whiff of garlic. Calvert heaved it ashore when we were leaving Port Sudan at midnight last trip, but some fool of an Arab threw it back, or else it flew. Anyway, here it was next day."

"The carpenter looks a bit daft to me," said Pybus. "Is he always like that?"

"No; he won't remember a thing about it to-morrow. Usually when he gets queer he just tucks felt over his port, and sits quiet in the dark for a couple of days. He's a bit worse this time because his wife has forbidden him to smoke, so that he'll bring home more at the end of the voyage."

"When will that be?" demanded the grocer.

"Probably about two years," said the Professor casually.

REGINALD PYBUS had grown to hate the very sight of a shovel; even in his dreams a legion of infernal bo'suns prodded him with the red-hot points of these loathsome instruments. The regularity with which these visions occurred was not so much due to any Freudian inhibition as to the unwearying attentions of that species of Hemiptera-Heteroptera of which the individual is said to become a grandparent in the short space of one dog-watch.

At his own request, the grocer had thrown in his lot with the rest of the crew just at the time the mate had decided to transfer several hundred tons of coal from Number Two into the empty bunkers. Pybus had commented on the rustiness

of the shovel which the lamp-trimmer had issued to him, and that grinning individual had prophesied that before he brought it back it would shine like a silver dollar in a nigger's fist.

A good many days had passed since Lamps had passed that remark, and the shovel already glittered like a quack doctor's brass plate; but the amount of coal in the bottomless hold seemed, if anything, to have increased. Pybus had passed from blistered hands and aching back to a state of absolute exhaustion, and once, on the third day, he had thrown down his shovel in despair, and climbed wearily out on deck. Malachi Crinnion met him shambling forward, stumbling and dragging his feet as he went.



"Talk about the ruddy limit! Not only robs us, but switches on to 'Music While You Work' while he does it!"

"Hey, Queer Fella, where are you bound for?" shouted the bo'sun.

"I'm beat," whispered Pybus hoarsely, slumping down on the fore-hatch. "I can't go on."

The Manxman stared critically at the pathetic, black-faced figure, hunched up like a Christy Minstrel parody of Rodin's "Penseur." His face was troubled, but there was no hint of sympathy in the harsh voice which demanded abruptly:

"Has Old Dick quit?"

"No," said Pybus in a low tone.

"He's over seventy, Old Dick is," said the bo'sun. The grocer made no reply.

"Do you know who coaled the 'Antipas' in Port Said last trip? Women! And it's women coals the ships in Calcutta, coolie women no bigger than a half-grown boy." He did not see fit to add that these women merely carried little baskets of coal on their heads, all the shovelling and lifting being done by the men.

"I suppose they're used to it," muttered Pybus, without looking up. "I'm finished, anyway."

"You are, in a pig's valise,"

retorted Malachi Crinnion forcefully. "Do you know what the crowd for'ard will say if you quit now? They'll say you haven't got the guts of a hen louse. Come on, Queer Fella, you can't back out now. Go into the foc'sle and take a smoke, then go down and turn to again. If they ask where you've been, tell 'em you went topside for a draw of the pipe."

Reginald Pybus rose stiffly from the hatch and straightened his aching back. "All right, bo'sun, I'll have another go," he said quietly. "I can get the smoke when I knock off." With a gallant pretence of briskness he made his way back to number two hatch, threw his leg awkwardly over the coaming, and vanished again into billowing clouds of coal dust. The bo'sun looked after him with approval.

"Might make something of him yet, if he can stick it," he muttered to himself. "It says in the Book no man can be saved except by the sweat of his own brow." And the good Malachi went his way, planning more aids to salvation for the unconscious grocer when all the coal should have been shovelled away.

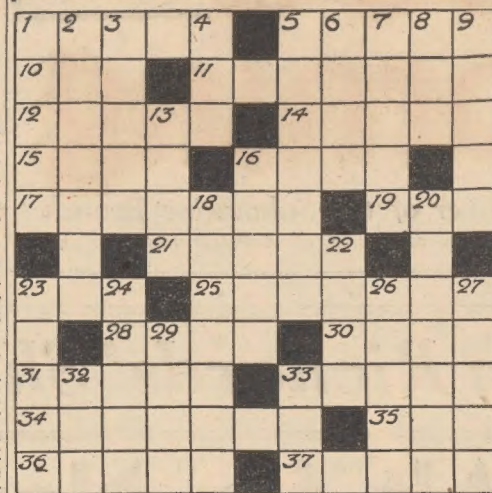
The following days were agony for the unfortunate Pybus; one long blur of choking, back-aching misery. His hands became a raw mass of blisters which he spent his spare hours dabbing with iodine; his fingers had stiffened into a clutching curve. Painfully, he tried to straighten them out, but immediately he let go with the other hand they contracted to the original position, as though still grasping the handle of that accursed shovel.

Continual wiping at the sweat that streamed down his face and ran into his eyes had made his skin too tender to admit of shaving, even had he had the heart to attempt such a superfluous operation. As it was, his skin tingled and stung when he washed each evening in the communal bucket graciously provided by the mate. In spite of the most determined efforts to remove it, the coal dust clung about his eyelashes, giving him, with his blue eyes and wavy hair, the appearance of a badly made-up chorus girl. Indeed, Hairy Butler was not slow to note the resemblance, and delighted his fellow-mariners by announcing:

"The least taste of a razor, and the Queer Fella would be the dead spit of a judy that took forty pounds and a silver watch off me in the port of Antofagasta, Dutch Annie by name."

Gradually, however, the grocer felt his muscles growing tougher, and took an almost childish delight in the daily hardening of his palms. He learned to humour that mountain of coal, thrusting in his shovel at the natural angle, instead of stabbing blindly, "like a widow woman at a bottle of hum-bogs," as Hairy Butler observed. Swinging rhythmically,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Go slow.
5. Removes.
10. Guided.
11. Partly cover.
12. Overhead.
14. Local animals.
15. No more than.
16. Gold-tinged.
17. General cure.
19. Deer.
21. Expresses gratitude to.
23. Litter.
25. Mechanic.
28. Edges.
30. Fuss.
31. Apart.
33. Belief.
34. Round end of car.
35. Wrath.
36. Pointed weapon.
37. Herbage.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Gripping device.
2. Free.
3. Add beauty to.
4. Large number.
5. Challenging.
6. Verbal.
7. Wind instrument.
8. Blow gently on.
9. Slap.
13. Notable act.
16. Machine parts.
18. Bevel.
20. Van.
22. Bird of prey.
23. Craft.
24. Idler.
26. Girl's name.
27. Memoranda.
29. Scottish island.
32. Hang limp.
33. Jerky pull.

LAIN BARGE

REGULAR X
EMIT REMOTE
FASTEN PURR
N LATH SAT
PIPER OPENS
ALL NAVE S
SLAP CENSOR
SAILOR MIME
E CONICAL A
SEEPED NORM

cally, he allowed his back to do the work he had formerly attempted to force on his unwilling biceps. Pybus felt a thrill of genuine pride when, at the end of a week, he found he had tightened his borrowed belt to the last hole.

"Another week, and your belly'll be scratching your backbone," said Old Dick when the grocer asked for his seaming needle to make more perforations.

Throughout all this shovelling the Professor never ceased from talking; he did not care in the least whether his companions listened to or understood a word of his interminable monologue. It was just that he was constitutionally incapable of silence for two consecutive seconds. After a two-hour dissertation on the Dignity of Labour in slightly cynical vein, Mr. Hogsbottle saw fit one forenoon to dilate upon the geological formation and characteristics of the Coal Measures, inspired no doubt by the subject in hand. He seemed somewhat surprised when Hairy Butler interrupted him suddenly.

"What were them two grand words ye're just after saying?" he asked.

"Lepidodendron and Lepidostrobus," replied the Professor. "They mean—"

"I don't care a thravneen what they mean," the Irishman broke in. "Just say them agen, like a good man."

The Professor complied, and Hairy Butler repeated them with obvious relish. "There does be a flavour in them words," he said. "D'ye think the Old Man himself would know the meaning of great words like that?"

"I very much doubt it," said the Professor with a grin.

"Lepidodendron," chanted Hairy Butler dreamily, pitching a shovel into his iron wheelbarrow. "Lepidostrobus," and in went another. He developed a little sing-song chanty of his own from these resonant, satisfactory syllables; from time to time resting on his shovel to extol the higher education which could "even

teach a sailorman to sagaciate wid a shovel."

The words became an obsession with him, indiscriminately applied to everything and everybody. Thus the bo'sun ceased to be hailed as "ould Protestant," and became a "Lepidostrobus," and was in no way mollified when informed that "twas the Latin word for a Manxman before the tail was cut off him." Ferdinand Whalebelly was just in time to avert bloodshed at the galley door when Hairy expressed a pious hope that Lobscouse 'Itchens might be afflicted with the "Lepidodendron" in both eyes.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—270

1. Put cut into PERE, and make it persist.
2. Rearrange the letters of OLD MEN'S HENS, to make a composer.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CAKE into LOAF, WOOD into LARK, HAND into MITT, AY into NO.
4. What relation is hidden in this sentence?—The sun clears away the fog though it sometimes causes a haze. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 269

1. MasterS.
2. DORSETSHIRE.
3. BOOK, BOOT, ROO, ROAD, READ, BOW, BOWS, BOAS, BOAT, COA, COLT, COLE, TIME, TIF, FIRE, FORE, FORT, FOC, BOOT, BOAT, BOAR, BEA, YEAR, WISE, WIRE, FIL, FORE, FORD, FOOD, GOOD.
4. Carp-enter.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Antinomians were an early Christian community who claimed to be immune from the "law" on the ground that faith alone was sufficient to secure salvation. St. Paul's writings show a marked sympathy with this doctrine.

Heat is the energy of the universe coming from the sun, and if it disappears in one direction it manifests itself in another. Energy can neither be created nor destroyed. A definite amount exists, and though its form may change, it cannot diminish.

QUIZ for today

1. Lasca is an East Indian sailor, American dish, dress material, fish, medical term, game?
2. Who wrote (a) Pollyooly, (b) Polly Oliver?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Sonata, Symphony, Oratorio, Ocarina, Opera, Cantata.
4. Who said, "Take away this bauble!" and to what did he refer?
5. What is the common name of azote?
6. Who were the Old Contemptibles?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Camisole, Camembert, Cambric, Camouflage, Calibrate, Catastrophy.
8. For what do the initials (a) C.I.D. and (b) C.O.D. stand?
9. What is a female swan called?
10. For what sport is Bisley famous?
11. About how many miles does an English train do to a ton of coal?
12. Who invented the sewing machine, and what was his nationality?

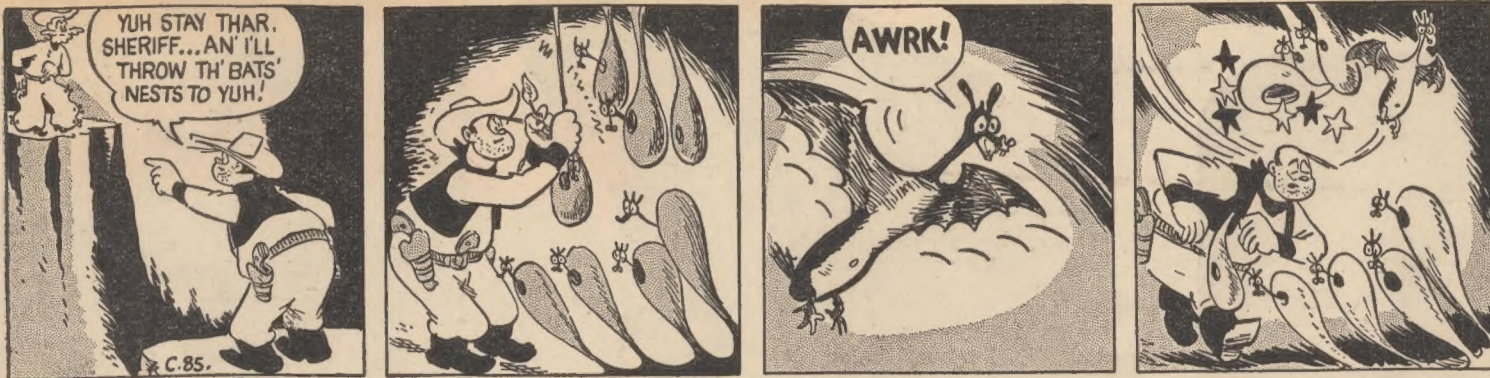
Answers to Quiz in No. 316

1. Japanese drink.
2. (a) Edmund Gosse, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. 29 is a prime number; others are not.
4. Fishing.
5. The Captain of the Pin afore.
6. A cob.
7. Lhasa, Tibet.
8. Quarter of an inch. (The thickness of the two adjacent covers).
9. Between Helston and the Lizard, Cornwall, 1903.
10. Mid-April to mid-September.
11. Local Defence Volunteers.
12. Defoe, Dickens, Dumas, De Quincey, etc.

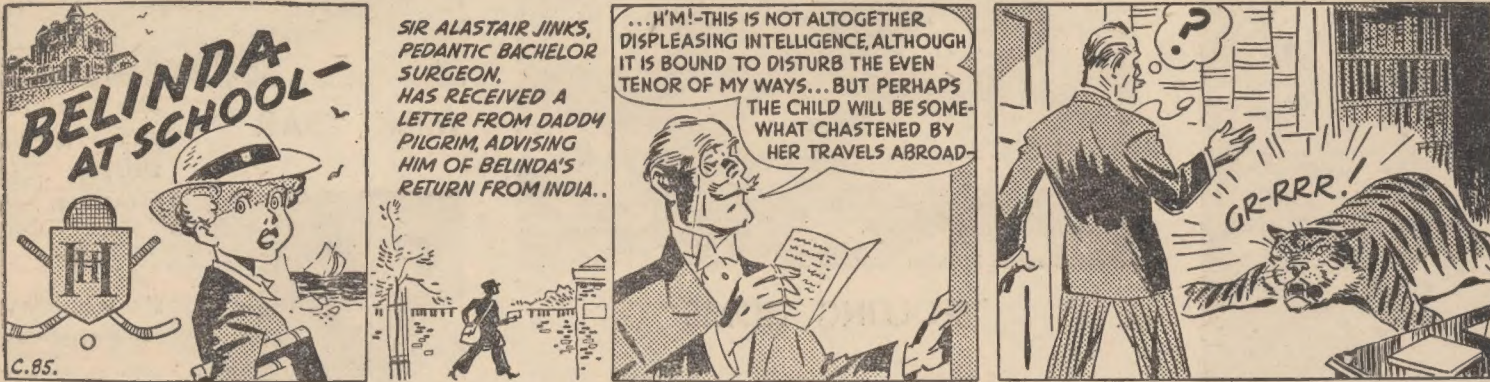
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



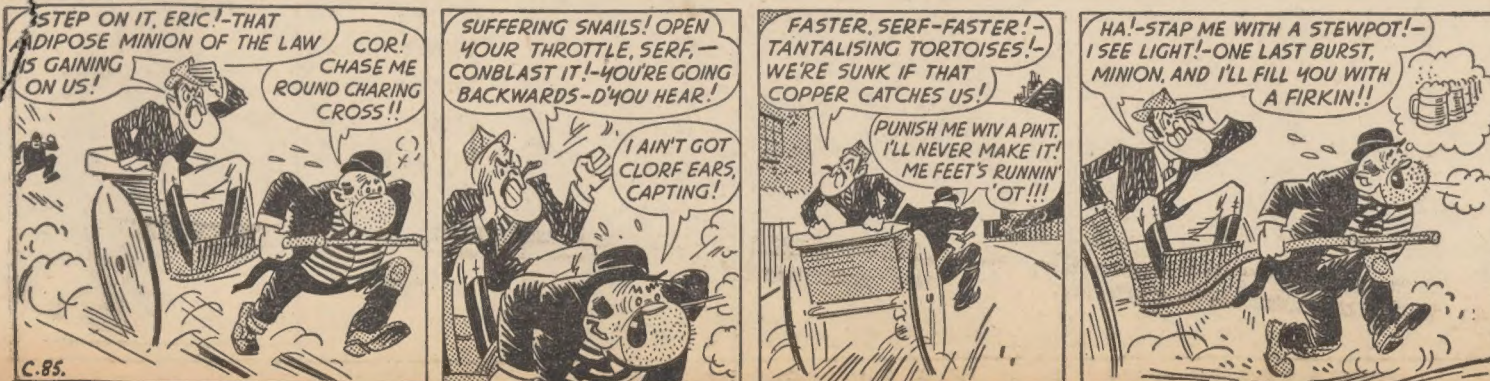
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



IT'S A FACT

By Gordon Rich

"Burn-bailiff" is a corruption of "bound-bailiff," every bailiff being obliged to enter into bonds of security for his good behaviour.

Finger-nails grow faster in summer than the winter. The nails on your right hand grow faster than those on your left, and no two nails grow at the same speed.

The first mails carried by a heavier-than-air machine were those with which Gustave Hamel flew from Hendon to Windsor. The journey occupied twelve minutes.

The first Ambassador from the United States of America to England was John Adams, presented to the King, 1st June, 1785; the first from Great Britain to America was Mr. Hammond in 1791.

Lincoln's Inn contains the oldest library in London.

Pain, worry, emotional disturbance, may make sleep difficult, almost impossible, but even when these things have died down sufficiently to permit sleep the sufferer frequently is kept awake by worrying about his sleeplessness.

The manufacture of velvet, long confined to Genoa, Lucca, and other places in Italy, was carried to France, and thence to England, about 1685. King Richard II, in his will, directed his body to be clothed "in velvet," 1399.

What we call lather is really an enormous number of tiny bubbles of water, each enclosed by a thin film of partially dissolved soap, the whole mass being held together by the stickiness of the little films as they touch one another.

Five boroughs in England are entitled to the epithet Royal. They are Kensington, Kingston-on-Thames, Leamington Spa, Tunbridge Wells, and Windsor. There are nearly 70 in Scotland, where the kings were not so particular in the old days.

War is costing U.S.A. nearly £3,000,000 an hour.

A man of London is a Londoner, a man of Manchester a Mancunian, a man of Dover a Dovorian, a man of Crediton a Kirtonian, a man of Liverpool a Liverpudlian, a man of Plymouth a Plymothian, a man of York an Eboracian, a man of Leeds a Leodensian.

A number of Roman ladies formed a conspiracy and poisoned their husbands. A female slave denounced 170 of them to Fabias Maximus, who ordered them to be publicly executed in 331 B.C. It was said that this was the first public knowledge they had of poisoning at Rome.

Osmium, 22½ times as dense as water, is densest of metals.

The Arimaspians of Scythia were a one-eyed people. The Cyclops were giants with only one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. Tartaro, in Basque legends, was a one-eyed giant. Sinbad the sailor, in his third voyage, was cast on an island inhabited by one-eyed giants.

The population of the world by race is estimated as follows: Aryan, or white, 812,000,000; Mongolian, or yellow, 645,000,000; Semitic, 75,000,000; Negro and Bantu, or black, 139,000,000; Malay and Polynesian, or brown, 40,000,000; American Indian, or red and half-breeds, 28,000,000.

Ancient Egyptians used crushed castor-oil seeds mixed with oil as hair restorer.

The word "picnic" is derived from the French, wherein it is spelled "pique-nique," and signifies an entertainment to which everyone contributes some item of food. In England it denotes a meal held in the open air; in France it was an indoor entertainment, and at one time was attended in full evening dress.

Highest flight of steps in world is that of 6,000 steps which ascend sacred mountain of Tai-Shan in China.

The word "trash" originally meant fine brushwood or twigs. Sellers of faggots for firewood frequently filled the centre of the bundle of sticks with the small, useless stuff, so as to make the faggot seem bigger. The practice was condemned with so much vigour that the word "trash" came to mean anything worthless.

The modern Western alphabet of 26 letters has survived for some 3,000 years with little change among a great variety of languages.

After George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, had met Cromwell riding in Hampton Court Park, he wrote in his diary: "Before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." The great Protector died a few weeks later.

England's first daily newspaper, the "Daily Courant," appeared on March 11, 1702.

By Act of Henry VIII (1540), surgeons were granted four bodies of executed malefactors for "anatomyses." In consequence of the crimes committed by resurrection-men in order to supply the surgical schools (robbing churchyards and even committing murder), a new Statute passed in 1832 abated the ignominy of dissection by prohibiting that of executed murderers.

The "magic" word abracadabra is said to be readable in 1,024 ways.

Origin of the expression "to pay through the nose" is uncertain. One suggestion is that it refers to the poll-tax imposed upon the Irish by the Danes in the ninth century, with nose-slitting as a penalty for non-payment. As, however, one of the earliest uses of the phrase in English literature occurs only in 1662, it seems more probable that it is a jocular variation of to "bleed," in the sense of "bleeding a man of his money."

Good Morning

20th Century Fox star, Lois Andrews. Regarded as being the typical American girl, in fact, face and figure.



"ROLLING HOME"

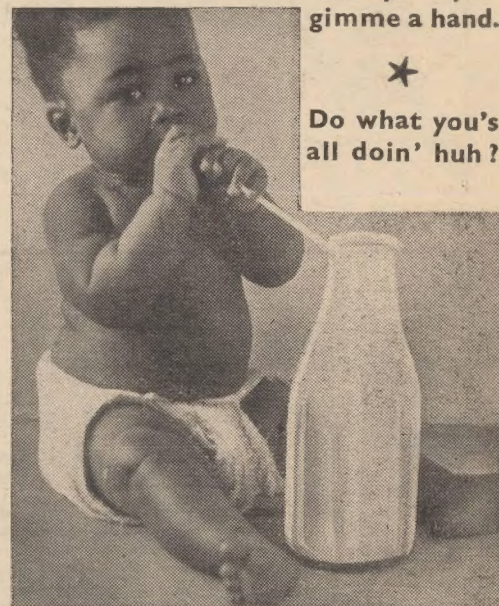


"SO YOU CAN'T TAKE IT, HUH?"



MILK "BAR"

Say brudder, ahs terrible thirsty, jest gimme a hand.



Do what you's all doin' huh?



No, go your way. I's gettin' frantic.



This England

Sheep and lambs in a Devon valley at Coryton.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Sister... you've let the side down."

